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NOTICE.

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It is requested that all post-office orders be made out in favor of Mr. J. W. Davison, and that all letters be addressed to him, at the publishers.

. Any subscribers in town or country who have not received the whole of their numbers since the commencement of this volume, will perhaps be kind enough to address a letter to Mr. J. W. Davison, stating the particular numbers missing, which shall be sent immediately.

. The third and last enlarged number, due to our readers on account of the deficiency of one number, is delivered this week.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

We hate talking about money matters, but the serious expenses of the MUSICAL WORLD, in its present enlarged form, compel us, against our will, to remind our kind Subscribers of a rule IMPERATIVE in the conduct of periodical publications—viz. that all subscriptions, quarterly, half-yearly, annually, or otherwise, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE. We must therefore request, most respectfully, though earnestly, that all the last quarter's subscriptions be paid up, with the addition of a QUARTER'S SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE, to June, 1845,—without which, studious as we would be not to disoblige, we must positively decline sending the future numbers. This is addressed to such of our subscribers in town and country as—unwittingly we are sure—have neglected to remit their subscriptions regularly. To the great majority of our excellent friends, who have been most punctual, we take this opportunity of tendering our thanks.

HENRI VIEUXTEMPS.

Few artists have succeeded in obtaining a more unanimous respect than this great master of the violin. Brilliant as are his abilities, it is nevertheless true, that Vieuxtemps owes much of his popularity to his exemplary private character and highly prepossessing manners. No one can be acquainted with Vieuxtemps without feeling a twofold interest—in the man and in the artist. A more unassuming gentlemanly person does not exist. He seems utterly unconscious of his own importance, and ever solicitous to discover and to praise that which is meritorious in others. There is not one atom of jealousy in him—this, indeed, is a remarkable feature in his character. A few details in reference to his artistic career cannot but interest his numberless admirers in this country.

Henri Vieuxtemps was born at Verviers, the 17th of February, 1820. His father was an old soldier of the empire, who after the peace, adopted the profession of a *Luthier*. Henri came into the world, so to speak, a musician, since the first object that met his gaze was the instrument by means of which he was afterwards destined to acquire so brilliant a renown. As a child the violin was his only plaything. At the age of four-and-a-half he could read music passably well, and the manner in which he played the violin, even at so early an epoch of his childhood, attracted the attention and the patronage of an amateur, who placed him under the tuition of M. Lecloux, by whose advice he profited considerably, making astonishing progress in a very short time. At seven years of age he undertook his first artistic tour in Belgium and Holland. At Amsterdam, the celebrated Dr. Beriot was so struck with his wonderfully precocious and remarkable talent, that he liberally offered to superintend the completion of his musical education. At the age of eight, young Henri followed his eminent master to Paris, and played at his concerts to the astonishment and delight of every body. De Beriot, at this period, declared that he could teach him nothing more, and left him to his own resources and the inspirations of his own genius. Vieuxtemps then studied profoundly, and practised with unremitting assiduity. In 1833 he undertook a series of tours among the principal towns of Germany, where he met—more especially at Vienna—with a host of enthusiastic admirers. It was here he commenced the study of harmony and

composition under the learned contrapuntist, Sechter. He subsequently completed his studies in Paris, under the well-known Reicha. During the period between 1835 and 1839 he visited every place of importance in Germany, Holland, and Russia. His visit to England in the last-named year can never be forgotten by the artists and amateurs whom he enchanted by his magnificent playing at the Philharmonic and other important concerts in London and the provinces. In the course of the same period he composed many pieces for the violin, which obtained universal success, and were pronounced by the severest judges worthy of comparison with the popular and highly-esteemed works of Viotti, Rode, Kreutzer, Mayseder, De Beriot, Ernst, and Mayseder, are known and appreciated in every civilized town of Europe. But the work which at once placed him on a level with the most admirable writers for the violin was his *fourth concerto*, composed in Russia, 1839, and executed every where with a success almost unprecedented. In 1840, Vieuxtemps was invested with the decoration of the order of Leopold, by the emperor of all the Russias. Not alone, however, in Europe was he covered with honours and renown; he carried the *prestige* of his talent beyond the seas, expounding the true principles of art and the beautiful in music to transatlantic nations. In the United States, in the Havannah, in Mexico, he achieved the most triumphant successes, demolishing the principles of vicious taste at every step, and overthrowing all who would attempt to rival him. Vieuxtemps was soon pronounced by every competent judge in these distant regions the greatest violinist that ever set foot in America. The charlatanism of Ole Bull had at one period immense sway with the mob, but Vieuxtemps, in all the dignity of his loved art, taught them better things, and gradually the popular taste improved. The uncompromising love of art which distinguishes Vieuxtemps is one of his greatest claims to notice, and has won him universal respect and admiration among musicians. In Mexico, Vieuxtemps became acquainted with the amiable and talented pianist, violinist, clarionetist, composer, (and what not), Mr. William Vincent Wallace, one of the most versatile geniuses in musical annals. This acquaintance soon ripened into mutual and enduring friendship, and there is no more entire appreciator—no more zealous admirer of the imposing talents of Henri Vieuxtemps than his friend and fellow artist, Wallace. There is much of kin between them—both love art—both are men of genius—and both are thorough gentlemen.

During his sojourn in America, Vieuxtemps was imbued with the variety and magnificence of its scenery, and drank to intoxication of the inspiration of its majestic and vivid beauty. This

impression he explained on his return to the old world in a number of new compositions, among which the *fifth concerto*—a worthy fellow to its precursor—and a capriccio for the fourth string, are the most remarkable and the most popular. Wherever they were played they produced the most unbounded enthusiasm.

Henri Vieuxtemps has been honored by marks of personal esteem and artistic admiration from almost every court in Europe. Costly presents—superb medals—have been awarded him, not only from crowned heads, but from numberless distinguished and illustrious lovers of the violin, who saw in him one of its most worthy and sincere votaries—and maintained their esteem and affection for art, by loading its favored child with endless marks of their munificence. All the great musical societies of the continent have honored themselves by electing Vieuxtemps a member of their body. In a word, as a composer for and a master of the instrument of his choice—the violin—the opinions of the best judges of the continent are unanimous in placing Vieuxtemps in the foremost rank. Like Ernst, he unites the qualities of great violinist and great artist—and though he is now only in his twenty-fourth year, he has reached an eminence in his particular department of art which none have surpassed. With the names of Paganini—Ernst—Sivori—De Beriot—Joseph Joachim, the Charles Filtzsch of the violin—and other illustrious violinists, the name of Vieuxtemps is honorably associated. We need not compare him with these great players, who have all their peculiar qualities in which they stand unrivalled—but if, in his twenty-fourth year, he has already gained the respect and admiration of each and all of the most celebrated living violinists—who heartily and unanimously proclaim him BROTHER, and acknowledge him unrivalled in his own original style—how much of glory may he not yet achieve?

It may not be generally known that Vieuxtemps has two brothers—Lucien Vieuxtemps, pianist, and Ernest Vieuxtemps, violoncellist—both of whom have been remarked for the precocity of their musical talent, and both of whom promise to become brilliant ornaments to executive art. Can they do better than take their great brother, Henri Vieuxtemps, as a model?

J. W. D.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The revival of Bellini's *Pirata*, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., was by no means a judicious move on the part of the management of this theatre. The opera is one of the composer's earliest works, and, though exhibiting occasional snatches of that melodic strain that subsequently rendered his works so popular, it is weak and uninteresting in the extreme. With a real tragic subject Bellini could not grapple. His power lay in pathetic love-passages, to which his talent seemed not only bent but restricted. He had neither intellect to soar with the sublime, nor imagination to dally with the playful. *Il Pirata*

is a composition utterly unworthy of production at Her Majesty's Theatre. The vocalists did all they could to sustain its vitality. Grisi acted with intensity and sang with great effect; Fornasari supported his part with force; and Mario, albeit the recollection of Rubini urged us to comparisons, was pleasing and correct. If the synod of the opera intend to resuscitate from their *repertoire* works that have lain mouldering for years on the shelves, surely they have numberless better than the one before us to pick and choose from, and which would befit their company with more propriety and grace. The theatre is at this moment in possession of one of the greatest artistes in Europe; and yet Mademoiselle Brambilla is comparatively thrown by, or merely used in parts which are secondary and adscititious. There can be no difference—there is no difference of opinion concerning this artist; and yet, though, whenever she appears and is heard, she excites the most unqualified delight, she is compelled to sing small to one of the *prima donnas*, and do the office of aiding and abetting, in place of standing prominent, to which her merits so soundly proclaim her entitlement. Instead of the *Pirata*, that ill-swathed cradling of Bellini, why not revive *Tancredi*, or *Ricciardo e Zorayde*, two operas, so long forgotten as almost to bring their reproduction under the name of novelty, and so admirably suited to the development of the entire powers of Brambilla? Is the *Donna del Lago* sepulchred beyond regeneration? Are we to have reiterations of Donizetti and Bellini, in their crudities and puerilities tending to no effect, while the works of genius, which would illustrate art in its highest capabilities with the greatest truth, are flung aside like weeds? As a vocalist we would have Brambilla treated as Pasta or Pisanoni, with either of whom she may stand in legitimate parallel.

La Gazza Ladra, on Thursday the 15th, produced as crowded a house as *Don Giovanni* on the Thursday preceding. The bills announced the performance to take place for Lucille Grahn's benefit; but as that lady scarcely got one hand of applause on her first appearance between the acts of the opera, nor, indeed, through the entire evening, we are inclined to believe that the bill-announcement of the benefit was viewed in the light of a stale joke, and tended to the disparagement more than the advancement of the *beneficiaire*. We are, therefore, to look in the entertainments themselves, rather than the occasion, for the immense assembly congregated in every part. The *Gazza Ladra* has always been Rossini's most favourite work with the public. This may be very easily explained, without allowing the opera to be either his best or his brightest. The story is one of high interest—simple, well-told, and enforcing instantaneous sympathies with our commonest feeling. Then, too, it is a perfect lyrical drama. We hardly know a *libretto* in the range of lyric compositions so admirably suited to music. The music itself throughout is a succession of the most sparkling melodies, new, pleasurable, and vivacious. It is a perfect paradise of sweets. Its exuberance and fancy are quite astonishing. Every change brings us something more delicious than the last: "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," we are still inundated with happy snatches or swelling strains, leaving the mind neither time nor power to ponder or criticise. In melodic creation it is fully equal to *Il Barbiere*, but it seems evidently not so much a labour of love with the composer. In comedy Rossini *riots*—in serious music he *strives*: "his comedy is instinct—his tragedy skill." Thus in *La Gazza Ladra* we find efforts and weakness we in vain would search for in the *Barbiere*. It is but justice to confess that those parts of the music which

force themselves on us as the weakest, are the portions which elicit the greatest share of applause, and are most in favor with the public at large. It may be, after all, that the isolated pieces, so often heard, and demanding no exertion of the imagination, become to us trite and wearisome from their very lusciousness, as

"The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite."

Certainly the "Nume benefico," "Di piacer," "Per questo amplesso," as well as others, having lost the full flavour, now pall upon our critic taste. This is not the case with the equally well-known parts of the *Don Giovanni*. They do not enforce our attention as they used; but they demand more than our *hearing*. Rossini's music is champagne, as palatable in its first as its last draught; Mozart's is Tokay, whose flavor and sweetness time renders dearer and more appreciable. The Italian *Maestro* is a fountain of gushing waters, whose sources summer suns may dry up or winter frosts enchain: the German is an Artesian well of never-failing springs, whose waters—Oh rare genius!—are more limpid from their profundity. It is the fashion with the modern *classicists* of music in England to underrate Rossini, judging him from his weakest productions. This is the silliest possible mode of exercising criticism. An author is great in proportion to the power displayed in his works, nor will any previous or subsequent evidence of weakness derogate from that power. He who has composed *Guillaume Tell*, or written *Macbeth*, should not be admeasured in intellect by *Semiramide* or *Pericles*. Because Mozart or Beethoven have written nothing unworthily, that is not the reason why they are superior to Rossini, but because they surpass him in his best works. A man may be lazy, or obstinate, or at times incompetent, but if he have given proofs of genius, we must judge of his mental capacities by these *proofs*, and not by instancing his moments of laziness, obstinacy, or casual incompetence. When we name Milton, we talk of the author of the "Paradise Lost," not of the sonnets. We can reprehend Rossini, and have done it, whenever a puerile production of his came under our notice; but this lessens him in our estimation only as a man of persistent mind, it does not subtract from his genius. We can animadvert in the strongest terms upon *Semiramide*, while we award immortality to *Guillaume Tell* and *The Barber of Seville*. With regard to Rossini and his most successful followers, Bellini and Donizetti, the difference is more easily determinable; we may describe it in the following simple formula. If we take the popular pieces from the operas of Bellini and Donizetti, little or nothing is retained: by the same process Rossini's best music undoubtedly remains. This is too self-evident to require either argument or illustration.

The performance of the *Gazza Ladra* was in some respects better than that of *Don Juan*. Fornasari appeared to much greater advantage; and, though his singing sometimes bordered on the ridiculous, it was commendable in many parts, and his acting was positively fine. The music, however, is unsuited to him, and, whatever he or his admirers may fancy, we would advise him to eschew altogether florid singing, and adhere to stately and energetic vocality. When he endeavours to execute passages his voice rambles, as a friend of ours remarked with singular felicity, like a cart-load of paving-stones disembodying its contents into the street. It is not that flexibility of organ in which the notes, however rapidly they follow each other, are separate and distinct: it rather resembles the neighing of a horse, or the pumping of a steam-engine. He gave his first recitative "Ascolta e trema," with good effect,

and was not inadequate in the long subsequent duet with Grisi, and the trio with her and Lablache. By the way, we were treated with a new version in the accompaniments to "O, Nume benefico." The first horn seemed to indulge the audience with an *ad libitum* passage: at least we did not perceive the author's notes. We cannot compliment the singers on their execution of this eternal trio. Lablache was flat, Fornasari sharp, and Grisi *natural*, and the natural consequence was discord. In the music of the second act Fornasari deserved occasional praise. He sang particularly well the opening portion of the scena, "O, Colpo impensato," there being here no demands on his flexibility, but the florid passages at the close, so ridiculously inexpressive in the music, were rendered more ridiculous in his singing. As a composition nothing can be weaker than the winding up of this aria, which commences so finely, and is positively a blotch on the opera. We have always differed from the lavish praises bestowed on our especial favourite Lablache, in the *Podesta*. The music is not *cantabile*, in which he is always great, (we may instance his exquisite singing of that *morceau* of the catalogue song in *Don Giovanni*, commencing, "Nella bionda, egli ha l'usanza,") nor does it demand that volubility of iteration for which he is so famous. Without needing a voice of great flexibility, it requires an executive power entirely beyond this artist's accomplishment, whose organ, like all organs of weight and breadth, are deficient in this respect. As sung by Lablache, "Il mio piano e preparato," never satisfied us, and less on Thursday night than ever. He evidently felt his incompetence, and, like a true artist, converted the passages from essays of skill into essays of burlesque, thus exciting laughter by his humour, where he should have afforded pleasure by his singing. All through the concerted pieces his aid was powerful and effective, while his fun was as rich and racy as ever. Grisi in Ninetta, did not strike us as the Ninetta of 1834. Is it that her voice is failing in that silvery mellifluousness that charmed us in days gone by?—or was she not in voice on Thursday night?—or are we growing hypercritical? Well, whatever may be the cause, we have been more pleased with Grisi in this, once her chiefest part. The "Di piacer" was almost spoiled by an ultra-exuberance of embellishment, that was no embellishment. It would be a positive novelty to hear this delicious cavatina and "Una Voce," executed as written by the composer. We have never heard them so sung, except by poor Blasis, and they pleased us then more than ever they have done since. Rossini's passages are florid enough in all conscience, and sufficiently difficult to tax the capabilities of the most accomplished artist, besides being infinitely more appropriate to the air and the harmonies than any adaptation of *floriture* we ever heard. This was Grisi's main fault in the opera. Her singing in the rest of the music was very beautiful, if not so beautiful as we have heard it, while her acting possessed all the graces and charms of her earlier performances. Her entire scena, while reading the letter to the magistrate, exhibited her powers of histrionic discrimination to the best advantage. Her hesitation in the words of the epistle, especially when pronouncing the name of her father, and her burst of song upon the phrase "Suggeritemi, O Dei, qualche pietoso inganno!" were inimitable. She was still greater in her indignant rejection of the magistrate's overtures, and a finer personification of tragic rage could not be well witnessed than her scowling defiance and contempt as she threw, rather than sung, in the old *Podesta's* face the words "Per voi non sento che disprezzo e rabbia e error." Her last scene is one of her greatest efforts. Whether we view it histrionically or lyrically, it is unequalled on the modern

opera boards. Mario enacted the lover in a full-dress Hussar uniform, and most pertinaciously and absurdly retained the hanging jacket throughout the performance. We should advise him next time to ride in on horseback, fully accoutred and caparisoned, and go through the opera *equestriantly*. Signor Mario was hissed in Paris for wearing some extravagant costume—he was not hissed on Thursday night at Her Majesty's Theatre, but he was laughed at. The minutia and propriety of dress are seldom or ever paid attention to at this theatre. Such things being overlooked, completely destroy the illusion of scenic display. Signor Mario began his first song, "Viene fra questa braccia," lamentably out of tune, and nothing could be more faulty than his execution of the quick movement, "Ma quel piacer." We thought once or twice he would have broken down. He very wisely omitted the beautiful duet in the prison. He could not have gone through it with power or effect. The *primo tenore* was not well on Thursday night—at least not well enough for the part of Giannetto. We have reserved Brambilla for the last, because being charitably inclined to eulogy, as well as critically compelled to truth, we would close our remarks with that which affords us most pleasure to praise. We can bestow the most unqualified applause on this lady's performance. The part of Pippo is neither considerable nor important, yet Mademoiselle Brambilla renders it more momentous than we have ever witnessed it in any other's representation. She has but little of the music to sing—yet shame to say—that little has been cut. We allude to her share in the quartet, "Mi sento opprimere," in which she used to produce so great an effect in former seasons. This quartet modulates into four different keys, being successively taken by the soprano, bass, tenor, and contralto. On Thursday night Grisi and Mario only gave it and sang it in the same key, thus completely destroying the intention of the composer. Is this tolerable? Why or for what purpose should such an alteration be permitted? Did Lablache object to his share because it closed with a passage he could not sing?—or was the key given to the tenor too high for Mario? This is taking a liberty with a vengeance. All who heard Brambilla formerly must have felt the want of her exquisite singing in this *morceau*. But she made ample amends to her hearers for any omission, in the duet in the prison with Grisi, "E bien, per mia Memoria." We have heard nothing in this theatre, since the days of Pasta and Rubini, equal to the effect she produced in her solo, "Pegno adorato." Some notion may be entertained of this effect, when we state that Grisi had sung the same subject, and did not obtain the slightest applause, yet Brambilla was rapturously and unanimously encored from all parts of the house. It was certainly the most delicious and artistic display of vocalization we have listened to for years, and can only be heard to be imagined. With such a transcendent vocalist what might not the management do, if it would only attend to the public voice, and hearken to the honest remarks of unprejudiced critics? But there are two *prime donne* who pull the musical world by the ears, while the poor contralto, without party or prejudice, has to work her way against two factions, and thus as long as "preference goes by letter and affection," not by merit, she must needs stand second in gradation. We care not whether she be put in competition with the great Grisi, or the minute Castellan, she equally appears to us the most consummate artist at Her Majesty's Theatre.

We have alluded above to the ungallant reception given to the *beneficiaire*, and, whether it was or was not her benefit, the lady's name being announced in the bills, should at least have warranted a trifling additional notice; instead of which she was

never so badly received before. Lucile Grahn is an exceedingly graceful and elegant—what's that fine compound name they use in the morning papers?—chirogymnist, or chiropedist, or choregraphist—we should say, to-pographist. In the present excellence of ballet eulogistic, she is, doubtless, entitled to no small share of commendation. She bounds with as much ease as Cerito, and pirouettes with all the grace of Carlotta Grisi, and, being several inches taller, she must naturally stand *longer* on her toes than either. Why then should she be less rated than the other two? The *Gazza Ladra* was used even worse than the *Don Giovanni*. Perhaps it was no more than poetical justice to serve Rossini twice as badly as Mozart—with such distribution of comparative laceration we cannot quarrel. Between the acts of the opera we were treated to two very lengthy and amiable dancing diversions, and after the opera we had five or six equally elongated and equally admirable *pas* and *mas* of great variety. When the curtain rose for the last division, there remained in the pit nearly three hundred people, while the fashionable part of the house presented a beggarly account of empty boxes. So much for the policy of the variegated—spinning—liberally-made-out bills of the Thursday night's entertainments at Her Majesty's Theatre.

D. R.

MONSIEUR JULLIEN.

We consider Monsieur Jullien to have been unfairly treated by the *Sunday Times*. He is attacked and is not allowed to defend himself. The subject of the attack is well known; we therefore merely cite M. Jullien's reply, which the *Times* inserted as an advertisement.

To the Editor of the *Sunday Times*.

Sir,—It has been with great pain that I have seen the attacks lately made on me through the medium of your journal, but I have until now forbore to reply, trusting that the personalities contained in them would carry their own refutation. I have, however, been told by many valued friends that such attacks must not in this country remain unanswered, and I, therefore, request you will have the kindness to insert this statement.

Soon after commencing the business of a publisher, I found that on a new piece of music obtaining great popularity, and in consequence a large and ready sale, it was almost immediately pirated and sold, as it appeared to me, in defiance of every principle of law and justice. For some time I suffered this loss, contenting myself with merely signing each copy of my own publications, and notifying the same to the public by means of advertisements, &c. This forbearance, however, appeared only to impart stimulus to these piracies, and my own copyrights were now (miserably printed, and full of errors) publicly advertised at reduced prices. I thought it quite time to stop this, and, previously to quitting London on my last year's tour to Dublin, Edinburgh, &c., I instructed my solicitor to take the necessary steps to put an end to such practices. I was absent from London upwards of six months, and, being totally ignorant of the forms of law in this country applicable to such cases, could not have given any instructions as to the manner of the proceedings being carried on; in fact, the first time I became aware of the imprisonment of Mrs. Templeman, was when her daughter called at my house and stated the fact, begging me to release her mother.

I have, Sir, noticed the alteration in the late laws of imprisonment for debt in this country with the liveliest satisfaction, and all who know me can testify to the utter detestation in which I hold any enactment having for its object the incarceration of the poor. I could not with such opinions knowingly be the means of imprisoning a female, and a widow; and I am sure Mrs. Templeman's daughter will avow that my reply to her was in accordance with such sentiments. I, however, told her that I had given no orders to place her mother in prison, and that she should be instantly released. Having requested her to remain in my house for a short time, I went that moment to my solicitor, and, expressing the greatest surprise at what had taken place, gave him instructions for the

immediate release of Mrs. Templeman. On my return I was overwhelmed with expressions of gratitude, and the daughter left me to convey the welcome news. (This took place before several respectable witnesses.) I heard nothing more of the affair until my attention was called to the letter in your journal of April 13, and signed "Charlotte Templeman;" and to the judgment of your readers, after having perused that attack and this reply, I leave my conduct in this transaction.

P.S. It is evident that in this transaction the "*Sunday Times*" has deceived its readers by concealing the truth from them; if, however, their readers like to be misled, that is their affair, but the "*Sunday Times*" should not break through that golden rule of the British press of universal justice, which always affords to an accused person the opportunity of a reply.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

JULLIEN.

214, Regent Street.

"*Partout ou il y a accusation il y a droit de defense*," says Montesquieu, with unerring truth, and M. Jullien in quoting him, does but claim an acknowledged right to every inhabitant of a free country. "Having suffered," says M. Jullien to the editor of the *Times*, "under a most unmerited calumny, by the violent attacks which have appeared in the *Sunday Times*, I request you will insert as an advertisement the following explanation, which the manager of that journal refused to insert. I have, therefore, no alternative but to solicit you to allow both the attack and my reply to appear in your journal."

Accordingly, the letter of Mrs. Templeman, which our readers well know, is inserted, and is followed by the reply of M. Jullien, which latter he introduces by saying—"Then follow the calumnies of the editor, which I treat with contempt. I shall confine myself to a reply regarding the widow Templeman." We shall hardly be accused of undue prejudice in M. Jullien's favour, having on more than one occasion criticised his artistic performances rather severely. But "give the devil his due." M. Jullien's private character is, from all we can gather, *unassailable*, and he has the general reputation among those who know him, of being a really good hearted man. We, moreover, have the best guarantee for believing that he has been unjustly maligned in this affair. That, in some degree, he has been made a tool of by a sharp practitioner in the shape of his somewhat notorious solicitor, is, we believe, true; but *we know* that five or six most respectable persons, who were present at the time, can testify to the indignation, not delicately expressed, of M. Jullien, when he heard that the offending Mrs. Templeman was in prison. "*Mettre une femme en prison, c'est une lacheté*," exclaimed the man of Polkas, and immediately proceeded to his solicitor, to express to him his surprise and dissatisfaction, and to cause the widow to be released—who, by the way, but for M. Jullien, might have been at this moment enduring the penalty of incarceration. Moreover—and this is a great point—M. Jullien, who is a Frenchman, was not aware that the law of England differed from the law of France in allowing the imprisonment of a female *for debt*, and therefore could not have premeditated or sanctioned the proceedings.

But the widow and her children are not, we fear, the only parties concerned. A Mr. —, whose long practice it has been to pirate the popular compositions of the day—no matter whose copyright they may be—and to print them at various places, with this equivocal notice at the bottom of the title-page—"Sold for the Publisher" (without indicating *who* may be that publisher)—at Mrs. So-and-so's—all widows, with five children or upwards—is the prime mover of and the real complainant in the matter against M. Jullien. We could give both name and circumstances (*experientia docet*) had we occasion; but we wish to injure no one, while we defend an

injured man. This Mr. —, who lives nowhere, and whom no one can find, but who publishes everywhere, would seem to have a stock of widows and children ready to throw at the head of any publisher who has the natural wish to protect his own property. The fudge about fourpence, in which *Punch* and the *Sunday Times* have indulged, is pure sophistry, as the infringement of a *wholesome law* is not the less blameable because it may have been checked in its progress. Four pence may easily become as many pounds, and so on to hundreds of pounds, in process of time. The term *fudge* may, therefore, be well applied to such sheer sentimental twaddle. We should like to bet a hundred pounds that M. Jullien would be less likely to imprison a widow than his accuser—only, the bet, being abstract, could not be decided. At all events, M. Jullien immediately liberated the widow, whose daughter, his first informant of the fact of her mother's imprisonment, was loud in her protestations of gratitude to the popular *chef d'orchestre de bal*. Let M. Jullien be abused for his real faults, or his "real Irish quadrilles," but do not invest him with an unmerited order of inhumanity.

THE SISTERS MILANOLLO.

The sisters Milanollo gave their first concert on Monday, in Willis's Rooms. A crowd of well-known artists and critics were present. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

- | | |
|--|-------------------|
| Overture, (<i>Fidelio</i>) | Beethoven. |
| Air, from <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , M. Perelli, (First Tenor of the Italian Opera, Amsterdam,) | |
| "Maestoso," from De Beriot's Third Concerto, Madlle. Teresa Milanollo, | De Beriot. |
| Adagio and Rondo, from Vieuxtemps' Fourth Concerto Madlle. Maria Milanollo, (Pupil of her Sister,) | Vieuxtemps. |
| Air, from <i>I Puritani</i> , Madlle. Bertucat, (First Singer of the Italian Opera, Amsterdam,) | Bellini. |
| Concertante Duet, for two violins, sur des motifs de <i>Lucia di Lammermoor</i> , Mesdilles. Maria and Teresa Milanollo, | Teresa Milanollo. |
| Solo, Piano-Forte, Miss E. Day, | |
| "L'Espagnolette," Grand Adagio and Theme, with Burlesque Variations, composed and executed by The Mesdemoiselles Teresa and Maria Milanollo. | |

PART II.

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| Overture, (<i>Oberon</i>) | Weber. |
| Fantasia Caprice, sur des motifs du "Pirate," Madlle. Teresa Milanollo, | Ernst. |
| "Souvenir d'Amsterdam," et Variations Carnavalesques, Mdles. Teresa and Maria Milanollo. | |
| Duet, from <i>I Puritani</i> , Madlle Bertucat and M. Perelli, | Bellini. |
| "Carnaval of Venice," Concertante for two Violins, The Mesdilles Teresa and Maria Milanollo, with Grand Orchestral Accompaniments | Ernst. |

As the efforts of young females, we are bound to own that the performances of the sisters Milanollo fully bear out their continental reputation. As a *matter of art* we would rather not number ourselves among the crowd of votaries who worship at their shrine. That the sisters are prodigies is undoubted—but prodigies are not invariably artists. Precocity is one thing, art another. The sisters Milanollo most betray the want of a steady and experienced master. They attempt things which are beyond their powers of execution, and thus, though they throw dust in the eyes of the multitude, they cannot deceive the connoisseur. The eldest, Teresa, who is eighteen, has certainly a great command of mechanism—but her mechanism is by no means faultless, and her style is not healthful. In the air of Bellini, on which Ernst has founded his *Pirata* fantasia, we

remarked an excess of sentimentality which amounted to the maudlin. The continued *mauling*—to use an expressive word—absolutely put us beside ourselves. On the other hand, though a variation was omitted, and several of the difficulties (instance the *pizzicato* in the passage of tenths near the end) passed over, the variation in *chords* was admirably performed and proved that, with a careful instructor, Mdle. Teresa Milanollo might become a first-rate executant. We fear, however, the mistakes of style and false expression are too rooted in the feeling of this fair violinist, ever to be thoroughly eradicated—but we would fain hope for the best. Mdle. Maria Milanollo—the youngest, aged fourteen—has great freedom of the bow, and a more wholesome style than her sister—but her tone is not so good. In the *variations burlesques* of the first part she played with great animation and, so to speak, humor—but in the rondo of Vieuxtemps she was manifestly out of her depth. To sum up our opinion—the sisters Milanollo are clever, spiritual, and interesting girls—but unless they, for a while, abandon public playing—throw money-getting overboard—and take to serious and assiduous study—they are not likely ever to become great artists. Their immense popularity on the continent is easily accounted for. They are two agreeable little girls—and the novelty of female violinists, added to a talent certainly of no mean order, gives them an influence which is quite beside the influence of art. Miss Day played brilliantly, and Mdle. Bertucat sang with great energy and effect.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

Could I have foretold that the hour I first met thee
Would now be recall'd but with sorrow and grief,
That the greatest of blessings 'twould be to forget thee;
But that Lethe of woe to me brings no relief;
How many and lingering years 'twould have sav'd me
Of misery, years that have wither'd my heart,
Yet! tho' I regret that thy beauty enslav'd me,
While Memory lives it can never depart.

When he who for pleasure and riches could turn thee
From Honour's bright pathway his lot to partake;
Didst thou think in thy fall of that one who would mourn thee
So deeply, thy vows thou so soon couldst forsake;
Yes! when he whom thou'st chosen too soon shall neglect thee,
Shall leave thee, when Beauty and Youth shall have flown,
Turn! turn to these arms which e'en then will protect thee,
Find a home in the heart that has lov'd thee alone!

LINES FOR MUSIC.

BY

F. NORTON ERITH.

I've known life's sorrows,
And its keen woes,
Pierce with its arrows,
The true fond heart.
Hope has been dreaming,
Of joys—ne'er beaming;
Friendship unmeaning,
Has left its smart.

That pledge of friendship,
Vow'd by a false lip—
Is meant but to nip,
The true fond heart.
Ah! give me affection;
That sweet emotion,
(Its dearest portion)
Love's healing art.

Taunton, May 17, 1845.

VERSES.

BY JOHN FRANKLIN.

O give me gold, for it can buy
All things in water, earth, and air;
It wins the smile from beauty's eye,
And smooths the wrinkled brow of care.

The drivelling blockhead, without sense,
Needs but its presence to be thought
A man of parts and consequence,
And have his dull acquaintance sought.

Obscenity in him is wit,
And coarseness is called honesty;
And even exclusives think him fit
To mingle in their company.

His vapid jests, by laughter loud
Are followed; and his apish gait
Admired, adopted, by the crowd
Of flatterers that around him wait.

Lewdness and lust it can gloss o'er,
The want of beauty compensate;
A ruined character restore,
And raise the vile to high estate;

Plants laurels on a coward's brow,
And bays on stolid ignorance;
And causes worldlings to allow
That real, which is mere pretence.

Fills up the chops that time hath made,
In beauty's cheek; and doth restore
The roses that begin to fade,
And make them blossom as before;

Robes folly in a doctor's gown,
And infamy in spotless white;
Gives grace and breeding to a clown,
And amiability to spite;

Gives honour where it is not due,
Gives virtue to the profligate;
Veracity to what's untrue,
And laud to the degenerate.

ERRATA in Mr. Franklin's last ballad.

2nd verse, 1st line—for "yaler," read yellow.
2nd verse, 3rd line—for "land," read lad.
3rd verse, 1st line—for "my love and I," read my love and me.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

BY C. ROSENBERG.

What is there in the world is worth
One still low whisper sent by love
Up from its loving heart!
Thinkst thou any joy of earth,
One extasy of life, one mirth,
A single passionate pulse can move,
To equal one of the deep sighs that start
Out of the soul of love?

Hath fame one thought whose joy can steep
The heart's abundant tenderness
In that absorbing slumber
Of tender thought, whose silent sleep
Is filled with dreams, whose glowings creep
Through every throbbing vein, and bless
The heart, and burn with hopes that do outnumber
The minutes of that slumber?

Hath earth one pleasure equalling
That full and tremulous pride
Which fills the passionate soul,
When Love's broad eyes their glory fling
Into it—and Love's sweet lips cling
To its passion, as if nought beside
But the one pulse of the one love could roll
Through either dreary soul?

Musings of a Musician.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

"Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!"

SHAKESPEARE.

No. XX.

A VISION OF THE FUTURE.

I am not usually in the habit of relating dreams; nor have I ever, until now, been superstitious enough to believe that they have any connection with events which are likely to occur in our waking state; but I had a vision so extraordinary the other evening, that I cannot, even now, entirely divest myself of the feeling which it excited: indeed, so much did it wear the appearance of truth, and so strong is my impression that the conversation which there took place is symbolical of the future, that, were I to withhold it from my readers for any length of time, the narration might so accord with the altered state of musical feeling, that I should be at once regarded as a prophet after the event: in order to prevent this slur upon my character, therefore, I will relate my dream precisely as it occurred, making no comments, but leaving the moral to speak for itself.

I was sitting by the fire-side with the little tale of Valentine and Orson in my hand—one of those truly juvenile editions, with a colored illustration of Valentine fighting the wild man—and, having just arrived at the commencement of the terrible combat, I began gradually to doze, and, from dozing, at length fell into a sound slumber. Instantly the scene changed: instead of sitting before a cheerful fire, I was reclining upon a grassy bank, with the book I have mentioned still in my hand: a lovely landscape was before me; the sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the sound of a sheep-bell, in the distance, struck upon my ear and added to the charm of the delightful scene around me. I raised myself up and, supporting my head upon my arm, endeavored to think how it was that I was thus lazily communing with nature without any distinct recollection of having crossed the meadows, or the slightest remembrance of the objects which surrounded me. The book, which had fallen from my hand in my astonishment, was beside me on the grass; I picked it up, and turned over the leaves; every word of the story was fresh upon my mind, and it appeared as if I had just been reading it. I was about to rise and, by walking forward, endeavor to penetrate this mystery, when I felt the pressure of a hand gently upon my shoulder, and, turning round, beheld the figure of a tall, graceful, man standing beside me, and apparently regarding me with the greatest attention: how he got there I have not the remotest idea, for, a minute before, my eye had rested on the very spot upon which he stood. He appeared to observe my look of astonishment, and, fixing his dark, searching gaze upon me, carelessly said—

"You have been reading, sir."

"Why," said I, trying to hide the book; for I did not wish to be seen with a child's story in my hand; "you see the fact is, that deep study in a confined room is gradually undermining my constitution; so that I am compelled, occasionally, to bring my books into the open air; and, this morning, it so happened"—

"Come, come," said he; "no evasion: the book you have been reading is now in your hand. I know the title; it is Valentine and Orson."

"As you have guessed right, sir," said I, wishing to be polite, "I do not mind telling you; and, indeed, as you seem to know every thing, perhaps I might be bold enough to ask you, first, how I came here, and secondly, how you came here?"

"How you came here," said he, "is easily told: it was by my order, and through my agency: how I came here matters little. The time has come when men must know me, and, listening to what I foretell, learn to work steadily and peaceably to attain it."

"And may I ask," said I, "whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"You may," said he; "I am the Spirit of the Future, and to me is given the secret of conveying to mankind a knowledge of the true nature of events, which, although scarcely perceptible to them, are, to me, tangible and intelligible."

"You will excuse me," said I, unable to repress a smile; "but I have my own idea of Spirits. I was extremely fond of Fairy tales when I was a child, and wouldn't believe a spirit on his oath, unless he were habited in flowing white robes, and wore his long hair gracefully hanging down upon his shoulders."

"You speak," said he, "of a race of Spirits long passed away. In me you behold the representative of the present generation, who are, in no way, to be outwardly distinguished from the grosser mortal. Will you be convinced of my power, or are you still lost in astonishment at my costume?"

"Partly in astonishment, and partly in admiration," said I; "indeed so much does the style please me that, under favor, I would crave an introduction to your spiritual tailor."

"A truce with this banter," said he, somewhat sternly; then, waving his hand before me, he bade me rise from my seat: I attempted to do so, but an irresistible power seemed to rivet me to the spot, and I was unable to move from the posture in which the mysterious stranger had first discovered me.

"Now," said he, "are you satisfied that you are in the presence of a being, superior to yourself?"

"Perfectly," said I, making vain efforts to rise; "you may speak on, without any fear of my going away before you have concluded."

"Then," said he, "to come to the subject which has caused our interview—What is your opinion of the book which you hold in your hand?"

"That it is a very pretty little story for children," said I; "and, considering that it has three colored engravings, that it is by no means expensive."

"Fool!" said he, with a contemptuous smile.

I thought this somewhat personal, but I said nothing.

"Fool!" repeated he, with increased contempt.

"You mentioned that before," said I; "and, indeed, I fear that you are taking the advantage of being a spirit to insult me."

"I say that you are a fool," said he, "because I am enraged to find that the world moves so slowly; and that, instead of conversing with you upon the allegory itself, as I wished, I am compelled to employ my time in convincing you that it is an allegory."

"An allegory," said I, with some surprise,

"Most certainly," replied he; "a musical allegory. Any reasonable person would imagine that it had been long enough before the world to make that evident. Do we read 'Gulliver's Travels,' like children, for the pretty story? Do we take up the 'Tale of a Tub' without, at once, comprehending the intended satire? Pah! the obtuseness of mortals, at times, almost makes me lose my spiritual dignity."

"And pray," inquired I, much interested, "what is the true intention of this story, and in what manner does it apply?"

"I will tell you," said he, seating himself by my side, and speaking calmly. "Music, as an art, is typified, in this allegory, by Orson. Born, like him, with natural endowments of the highest order, it has never been trained with that attention which is necessary to its full development: instead of being brought up, it has been dragged up."

"But," said I, "it is constantly urged that the art is, in the present day, greatly advanced; and that it has been modified and extended as civilization progressed."

"And so was Orson greatly advanced," said he. "He lived to be a man; but was it to improve his personal appearance that his nails had grown, and that his long-matted hair hung uncouthly around his person? was it because he preferred to roam within a narrow circle, that he confined himself to his native woods? Certainly not: all these matters were solely the result of time and accident: and thus it is with music: so long as the art was kept apart from the scrutinizing gaze of the masses, it could be of little consequence how absurd a figure it might cut if submitted to such a test. The allegory, you perceive, is perfect, for it is not the art itself we complain of, but the awkward encumbrances which have been so long suffered to grow upon it."

"Indeed," said I, "I now perceive the full force of your remarks; and cannot but think it very kind of a Spirit to leave his comfortable home for the purpose of enlightening a dull mortal like myself. I agree with you, that, although the art has advanced with rapid strides, and, although great men have arisen, and immortal works been produced, so barbarous and uninviting is its outward aspect to the people, that only the brave and the hardy will dare to encounter it. But tell me—how will it eventually be brought to present a really attractive appearance to those who seek its acquaintance?"

"Pursue the course of the story, and you will perceive," replied he, "Valentine is a type of the leading musical reformers of the present period, who, armed with strength and confidence, will go forth with the earnest hope of accomplishing their object by the aid of these alone. The tree which Orson tears up by the roots to defend himself, represents the innumerable prejudices which they will have to encounter; but, in spite of this formidable opposition, they will eventually succeed, and the moral of the tale be really carried out."

"And what will be the means employed in this contest?" inquired I.

"You may remember," replied he, "that Valentine, at the commencement of the combat, holds up his polished shield towards Orson; and that the latter, for the first time seeing his own image reflected in it, is so struck with its uncouth appearance, that he staggers back in astonishment, and Valentine, by these means, obtains an easy conquest over him. Thus, then, will it be in the application of the allegory; for, let but the mirror of truth faithfully reflect the present state of the art, and, at the sight of its own deformities, it will submit, most willingly, to be made presentable to the people at large: no longer priding itself upon striking a deep terror into the hearts of strangers, it will rejoice in becoming a cheerful and intellectual companion to all."

"Indeed," said I, "your words have delighted me, and inspired me with hope. How strange to think that this story should never yet have been understood by mankind!"

"Strange indeed," replied he; then suddenly rising, he said, "but my mission, to-day, is now accomplished, and I must away. The conclusion of the allegory will also be fulfilled, and you will now have little difficulty in looking upon me as the oracle, which afterwards acquaints Valentine with many secrets before hidden from him."

"I recollect," said I; "and the story ends, I think, with the oracle falling from its pedestal."

"True," said he, with an hysterical laugh, "that part will also come to pass. I am falling even now—watch me—see—the ground opens to receive me."

"Stay," said I, clutching him by the coat. "You shall not go—I will save you—nay—break not from my grasp, for a precipice is beneath you—you see it not, but you will be dashed to pieces."

So saying, I again grasped him firmly, and, in my struggle—awoke. I had seized hold of the tongs—my fire was out—and I was sitting with Valentine and Orson in my lap, no longer an allegory, but a pleasing little story for infant minds.

DR. RIMBAULT'S LECTURES ON MUSIC AT THE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

LECTURE V.

Dr. Rimbault commenced with a notice of the state of dramatic music during the usurpation of Cromwell, from which it appeared that for ten years of its earlier days stage plays and entertainments, consisting of music and dancing, were forbidden. In 1656 Sir William Davenant obtained permission from Cromwell to open a theatre at Rutland House, in Charterhouse Square, for "an entertainment in declamation and music after the manner of the ancients." This seemed to have been intended by Sir William as the means of overcoming the prejudices against dramatic representations, and of predisposing the public to a series of exhibitions which he had in contemplation to give; it would appear to have answered his purpose, for it was followed by a series of dramatic performances continued until his death. These dramas of Davenant's were proved by the testimony of Evelyn to have been operas after the Italian way, in recitative. It had been said that there were no actresses on the English stage before the restoration, and that the celebrated Mrs. Betterton was the first; and it was true that the first formal license for their appearance was contained in the patent granted to Sir William Davenant after the restoration; but it appeared to have been previously tolerated, for Mrs. Coleman represented Ianthé in the *Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656. During the last year of the Protectorate, Shirley's play, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*, was performed by Edward Coleman, afterwards one of the musicians of Charles the Second's band. By a fortunate chance, he (Dr. Rimbault) had rescued from destruction one of the choruses in that play, which was the only specimen of Coleman's abilities in choral writing yet discovered.

After the Restoration, only two of the theatres, of which there were seventeen in the reign of James the First, were opened: the King's Theatre, in Drury Lane, and the Duke's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The diminution in number was, however, compensated by increased magnitude and splendour. The old playhouses were either in a large room in some tavern, or a slight building in a garden or open space behind it. The pit was unfloored; and the spectators either stood or were badly accommodated with benches. There were hardly any attempts at scenery or decorations, and the music consisted of a few violins, hautboys, and flutes, on which vulgar tunes were played in unison, and in a wretched manner. But the two houses erected after the Restoration, were truly styled theatres, constructed so as to accommodate a large public assembly, adorned with paintings and sculpture, provided with a proper stage, and with scenes and machinery to gratify the eye, and produce theatrical illusion. A band of musicians was placed in the orchestra, who, between the acts, performed music composed for that purpose, called act tunes, accompanied the vocal music, and played the music of the dances. Music thus attached to the theatres, from this time, became the principal nurseries of musicians, both composers and performers. The year 1673 was marked by the production of Shadwell's opera, *Psyche*, the music of which was composed by Matthew Lock. The opening air and chorus of this piece, as well as one of the songs, were then given as specimens of Lock's style. Lock, in virtue of his situation, annually composed an ode for the

king's birthday, and with one of these compositions Dr. Rimbault concluded his notice of this musician.

In the year 1676, Dr. Charles Davenant (eldest son of Sir William) produced his tragedy of *Ciree*, the music to which was composed by John Banister, the leader of Charles the Second's band of twenty-four violins. Banister was the son of one of the waits of St. Giles's; but, notwithstanding his humble origin, gave such proofs of ability on the violin, that he was sent by the king into France for improvement, and on his return was appointed leader of the royal band. From this service he was dismissed, because he had ventured to tell the king that the English violinists were superior to those of France. Poor Banister did not long survive his dismissal from the king. Pepys, in his "Diary" (February 20, 1676), says—"They talk how the king's violinist, Banister, is gone mad, because the king hath made a Frenchman to be the chief of his music." He died in 1679, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. Although spoken of in high praise as a teacher and a violinist, his claims as a composer had been overlooked. Dr. Rimbault, therefore, selected as specimens two pieces from *Ciree*.

The fashionable taste in music at that period was much influenced by the residence in London of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin. This lady, though Italian by birth, had resided from infancy at the French Court; and Charles the Second, when at Paris before the Restoration, smitten with her charms, endeavoured to obtain her in marriage, but her uncle, Cardinal Mazarin, not foreseeing the prosperous change in the fortunes of the British prince, refused his consent. In the year 1675 she came to England, and the musical entertainments at her house were celebrated for their magnificence. The singers were the principal performers from the theatres, and the instrumental band consisted of the most eminent masters of the time. The music was French, under the direction of Paisible, a French musician of eminence, and these entertainments, so much frequented by the world of fashion, contributed to foster that taste for French music, which only gave way before the genius of Purcell. The taste of Charles II. in music, as in everything else, was French. He had French operas performed at court, and established a band of twenty-four violins, in imitation of his brother monarch's band at Paris, which gave occasion to D'Urfey's famous song of "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row." The king was not content to keep his "fiddlers" exclusively to the court, but introduced them into the sacred worship of the Royal Chapel. John Evelyn, in his diary, says—"I went to the Chapel Royal, but soon came away quite sick with what I had heard. The solemn organs did no longer play, but instead thereof, four-and-twenty Frenchmen did scrape and scratch on four-and-twenty fiddles, as though the devil himself had been among them. Made up my mind to go there no more, but to speak to the king about it." The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys show how much encouragement was given at this time to foreign artists, and how little the English musician was indebted to the patronage of royalty. Among the English musicians of this reign were Dr. John Blow, Michael Wise, and Pelham Humphries, all gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, and noted for their compositions for the church. The talents of Humphries were not limited to theory and composition; his vocal performance to the lute was equally admired. A proof of his excellence existed in the alleged cause of the death of Captain Henry Cook, master of the children of the Chapel Royal. According to Anthony Wood, the captain "was esteemed the best musician of his time to sing to the lute till Pelham Humphries, his scholar, came up, after which he died of grief." The next specimen was a little ballad of Humphries' composition, the words of which were written by Charles the Second. From the character of the melody and its limited compass, the ballad was probably written for the king's own voice, which, as stated by a contemporary, was a "good plump bass."

Dr. Rimbault next proceeded to notice the genius and productions of Henry Purcell. This musician was born in 1658, and was the son of Henry, and nephew of Thomas Purcell, both musicians of the Chapel Royal. He lost his father at the early age of six years. It was believed that he commenced his studies under the Captain Cook before alluded to, and completed them under Dr. Blair. While a boy he produced several anthems that were then and are now sung; and at the decease of Dr. Christopher Gibbons, in 1676, although only eighteen years of age, he was found qualified to succeed that master as organist of Westminster Abbey. To this appointment, at the death of Edward Lowe, was added that of one of the organists of the Chapel Royal. The first specimen of Purcell's in theatrical composition was private. A little opera, called *Dido and Aeneas*, was written by Tate, for the pupils of Josiah Priest, a dancing master, and Purcell was prevailed on to compose the music for it. He had then scarcely reached his seventeenth year. Dr. Rimbault then gave a strict critical analysis of the music of this opera, in the course of which some of the principal pieces were given.

This opera immediately attracted the attention of the managers of

the theatres, and led to Purcell's being engaged in writing for the stage. In the year 1680, from some unexplained cause, Purcell dropped his connection with the theatres, and a lapse of five years occurred before he again engaged in their service. During this time, however, he was not idle, for besides several anthems composed for particular occasions, he wrote the music for an entertainment called "The Festival of St. Cecilia," and a set of twelve sonatas, both of which were published in this interval, and probably a great deal of his church music. Among Purcell's earliest contemporaries was the poet Tom D'Urfey, the author of numberless ballads and plays, and the publisher of a curious collection of songs, entitled "Pills to purge melancholy." In the preface of this book he says with infinite satisfaction, "When I have performed some of my own songs before their Majesties King Charles the Second, King James, King William, Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George, I never went off without happy and commendable approbation." The next specimen was from D'Urfey's "Pills," and was, in Dr. Rimbault's opinion, the perfection of English ballad writing. After a short quotation from an Italian author, Dr. Rimbault concluded his lecture with the following bold observations, which, if not quite, are in a great measure, really applicable to our own music:—"What was the case in Italy in Metastasio's time, is the case in England, as well as in Italy now. Sense is sacrificed to sound. Music is degraded into a gratification of the ear, instead of being regarded as a language capable of exalting the sentiment and deepening the passion of the drama. No man of genius will suffer his poetry to be made the vehicle for unmeaning sing-song; hence the opera is left in the hands of play-wrights, and, with few exceptions, is looked upon by people of sense and reflection as a slight and frivolous amusement unworthy of serious notice. What can show more clearly the false position in which the opera is placed than the practice of *encores*? An air or duet may be a soliloquy, or a dialogue of strong passion or deep interest, and who that enters ever so little into the spirit of the scene would think of having such a soliloquy or dialogue over again? Who would call on Macbeth to clutch a second time the air-drawn dagger, or his sleeping wife again to show the fearful workings of remorse in her demented mind, because in the one case or other the actor exhibited a fine piece of declamation? And yet there is hardly a tragic opera in which such absurdities do not pass current. Such absurdities, however, have not always passed current on the opera stage. What would Gluck have said, after the pathetic parting scene between his "Orpheus" and "Eurydice," had they been called upon to go through it again, or had "Orpheus" been desired to recommence for the gratification of the audience his passionate lamentations for the loss of his beloved? Far from considering such an *encore* as a compliment, the great composer would either have reproached himself with the feebleness of his musical expression, or else set down the audience as greater brutes than those which Orpheus was able to move by the sound of his lyre. In regard to the performers, an *encore*, especially in an interesting and impassioned scene, if a compliment to the singer, is truly a reproach to the actor. The restoration of the opera to its place, as an important as well as a delightful branch of the drama, requires the co-operation of a musician possessed of sound views respecting the objects of his art, and capable of rendering all its resources subservient to the purposes of dramatic expression and effect, with a poet of congenial spirit, gifted with distinguished genius, and yet not afraid to commit himself by an association with a genius equal to his own. The dramatic pieces at present set to music by our composers are generally trash, and our composers are aware that they are so, but say, in self-defence, that they cannot get any thing better. But let them show that good poetry runs no hazard of being degraded or destroyed in their hands, and it can hardly be doubted that they will obtain it. As to our musical performers, they will, *per force*, become actors as well as singers, when they find that good acting, as much as good singing, is essential to their success. There is no want either of dramatic talent in England; but it requires the co-operation of these two kinds of talent in a degree which does not exist at present, to produce results which will be at all satisfactory to the growing taste and intelligence of the public." A part song from Purcell's opera formed an appropriate finish.

Original Correspondence.

INTERVALS AND OTHER MATTERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

My dear Sir,

I am anxious that one system of harmony should be adopted, would carry conviction with it, and be generally useful to all. It is unnecessary to state, that no work on the science of music meets with

universal approbation, nor is it likely that it should be so, since even the notes which produce the minor mode have not yet been determined by theorists.

Godfrey Weber, in his excellent "Theory of modern composition," expresses himself on this subject, in these terms. "One might, indeed, cry *Wo!* to the scientific treatment of art for ever; its fundamental properties are not yet fixed. *Wo!* to the condition of the theory of musical composition if even its scales do not admit of being incontestably settled."

The first duty of a musical theorist is, to lay down such a foundation, that the result of all his future principles solely depend upon his setting out. But if his foundation be infirm, then his theory will be as unsatisfactory as it will be difficult to understand.

There are only two *MODES*, or scales, which will give all the chords and discords in music. These *two modes*, then, are, and must be, best suited for the development of harmony; for by them all the accepted union of sounds, and all modulations of every description, can be ascertained and explained with the greatest accuracy.

But before I mention the notes which form these two modes, I am desirous first, of asking, whether the readers of the *Musical World* agree with me in the opinion, that out of given modes a sure foundation, for the exposition of harmony, may be laid; and, secondly, to entreat of those who differ from me (though I believe none can do so, yet, who can calculate on the result), to confine themselves closely to my simple question.

Lastly. We should encourage no theories on music which require the student to be well acquainted with modulation, in order to be able to determine the roots of chords and discords; for such a theory would be like "putting the cart before the horse."

It is through chords that modulation can be taught; the roots of chords, therefore, should be first thoroughly impressed upon the mind before modulation is considered.

It is my opinion, that intervals are the substance of harmony, and vibrations are, as it were, the shadows of harmony: those who form the roots of chords by means of vibrations, will, I firmly believe, produce musical works which will always remain in the shade.

I am, my dear Sir, yours truly,
GEORGE FRENCH FLOWERS.

PS. "*Musica*" flinches the questions I put in my letter "on Church music." I knew he would, because—why (!?)—hum!

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Dear Sir,

May 5th, 1845.

In the current number of the *Musical World*, I observe a letter from Mr. Molineux, of Liverpool, fulfilling his promise, "to go on with some more proofs that '*Musica*'s notions are unfounded." Upon a careful perusal of his letter I find no *proofs* of anything, unless it be of the fact, that Mr. Molineux places more confidence in the stability of his own notions, than others are likely to do, and that my "notions" are, by his own showing, practically correct. If, however, there is a scarcity of proofs, there is a superabundance of inconsistencies; indeed, what Mr. Molineux asserts in one sentence, he generally denies in the next, leaving us under the impression, that he does not exactly understand what he really means; and that he has but small right to the "superiority" he so modestly "claims," over "Euclid, Kollman, Callcott, Keeble, &c." Some of these inconsistencies I exposed in my last letter, and I now proceed to point out others of quite as glaring a kind.

The early letters from Mr. Molineux were confined to the consideration of the since abused enharmonic scale, and in these, by the aid of his favourite two-and-two-make—I forget how many system—he expressed his conviction that G flat was nearer F than F sharp, "by about 1-15th of a tone." He now says, "I have never proposed to write F, G flat, F sharp, G; were I to indulge in the enharmonic scale, I would write it alphabetically." Why, then, call my "notions" unfounded, when he is, himself, obliged to adopt them in practice? In his last letter, Mr. Molineux calls the enharmonic scale a delusion—an extravagance—a chimera—an eruditory affectation—a Frankenstein monster, &c. &c., and affirms, that it has no existence, "but in the brains of men of doubtful sanity." Mr. Molineux must be in the latter predicament, for he thus answered a gentleman who gave him opinion that the quadrantal division was totally apart from the real practice of music:—"Should an organ or pianoforte-tuner dare to adopt this opinion in his practice, he would speedily find himself superseded in his business; and should this opinion meet the eye of a mathematician, or a practical chemist, or of any other carefully scientific

person, he would speedily denounce these gentlemen as persons who know as much about the physiology of music as the ropemakers do about hemp seed." Here Mr. Molineux is again obliged to allow that my opinion is *correct*, and that the minute distance of the quadrantal diesis is both tangible and perceptible, unintentionally giving the best proof that my "notions" are not "unfounded."

Thus, it is an obstinate fact (by Mr. Molineux's own showing), that the enharmonic scale *does exist*, and we may account for that gentleman's otherwise unaccountable jealousy of it, by the circumstance of its interfering with his pet twelve-equidistant-key-note system. Mr. Molineux thinks my "notion" that *no root can have an imperfect fifth*, also "unfounded." Now here, he has not only my opinion, but nature and reason against him. There are but two primitive chords (namely, the common chord and the dominant seventh), from which all others are derived; as the roots of these chords have perfect fifths, the roots of their derivatives must also have perfect fifths. For this reason the diminished seventh, the augmented sixth, the diminished and dissonant triads, &c., are not perfect chords, but merely temporary suspensions or modifications of one of the primitive chords.

Mr. Molineux plumes himself upon his profoundness; he should remember there are several descriptions of profundity; a man may be profoundly wise, or profoundly the reverse. Which may be Mr. Molineux's case I will not venture to pronounce; but one thing is certain; he has by far too great, though, perhaps, excusable, a predilection for his own twelve-equidistant-key-note-system, which, from its extreme inconsistency and insufficiency, is as little adapted to take the place of the received musical theory, as Mr. Wallbridge's sequential system is likely to supplant the present method of notation; changes which I humbly consider to be neither possible nor desirable.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully yours,
Musica.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Dear Sir,

Liverpool, 12th May, 1845.

I have been out of town some short time, and have therefore not had the opportunity of reading what is going on in "The World;" on my return, I find a letter from your lengthy correspondent, Mr. Molineux, in No. 15, April 10th, where, after taking the whole circuit of the Celestial Hemisphere (I had nearly said *travailing* through), he has taken his stand beside Mars, and has commenced a little sharp-shooting at me for my letter in a former Number. He calls me a "jealous pated townsman, the other name for G sharp;" I suppose he means to say I am A flat: this is a very stale joke, and I am surprised that a man of his profound science (putting *music* out of the question) could not have found something more fresh: he also says "I have become violently irritated against the Editor of the Liverpool Mail;" and at the latter end of his letter he says, "I'm sorry to find, for all that, that the opinion of the Editor of the 'Liverpool Mail' is more correct than we had imagined." Here's a climax, Mr. Editor. He openly proclaims himself to be the only man in the United Kingdom who is able to solve the mighty problem of F sharp and G flat. I now beg to assure Mr. Molineux, that I am not at all jealous of the quires of paper he must waste in the correspondence he holds with you—of the want of rest he inflicts upon himself at night—of the scoldings he must get from his wife for coming so late to bed—of the hard and merited knocks he gets from "*Musica*"—and finally, of a lunatic asylum, which he must have in perspective from the very numerous and abstruse calculations he makes to *astonish* the "*Musical World*." Mr. Molineux should have gone to Cambridge. I am surprised, Mr. Editor, you admit such lengthy epistles into your columns, and all about nothing; they take up a great deal of space that would be much better occupied. "*The Musings of a Musician*," by H. C. Lunn, are excellent. I am happy to hear that Mr. French Flowers contemplates retiring to Germany. I hope he will stay there—but I do not think he will be very retiring wherever he is.

I am, dear Sir, yours,
F SHARP,
(not A flat, as Mr. Molineux styles me.)

I had forgotten to say, that I am not at all violently irritated with the Editor of the "*Liverpool Mail*;" he, of course, only printed what (it is very evident) he was requested to do.

To the Editor of the *Musical World*.

Sir,

April 28th, 1845.

As your correspondent, Mr. Molineux, still keeps alive the botherment question (I quote his own language from a former paper) upon the enharmonic disputation, with a pertinacity of reasoning something more than ingenious—in fact, with a display of argument

descending at once to the "*reductio ad absurdum*"—to say nothing of the many contradictions he inflicts upon himself in the course of his last, long, rambling, trientological, quadrantological, interlunarismical, enharmonological letter—(by the way, I should feel greatly obliged—and I dare say so would many of your readers—if he would inform me and them what lexicon he makes use of—for my own part, such books of the kind as I have been in the habit of looking into for the explanatory meaning of hard words, I find to be totally inadequate to enable me to understand his phraseology, and I must therefore be content to eschew it)—I shall now proceed to adduce one out of the many illustrations his letter supplies of the unsoundness of his logical deductions!—He thus writes, "I feel myself in a position to repeat, that we have no *Enharmonic Scale!*" and in a few sentences further, he continues—"Enharmonic signifies extremely harmonious!! The clear inference of course follows,—that we have either no harmony at all, or at best but a very equivocal sort, not having an enharmonic scale to ground it upon;—at the same time, in the former part of his letter, he distinctly asserts that "Music is the science of concordant sounds, rhythmically, harmoniously, and melodiously arranged or modulated." Now, in truth, Mr. Editor, these discrepancies do indeed constitute "*literatim et verbatim*" his own elegant phrase of "botherment," and cannot, in any way, contribute to resolve the point under discussion. In order, however, to stultify the heterogeneous opinions of Mr. Molineux and to endeavour to bring the question to as simple and brief a decision as possible, I have extracted two musical passages from Beethoven and Handel to exemplify the real nature and character of what has generally been received by educated musicians as the true meaning of the enharmonic diæsis.—Will Mr. Molineux be kind enough to point out what other name can be more properly applied to the change of modulation and consequent progression contained in these examples?—*Enharmonic modulation from C to D flat*;—5, 3, on G—6 (sharp) 3, on A flat—7, 5, 3, on A flat—6, 4, on A flat—5, 4, on A flat—5, 3, on ditto—5, 3, on D flat. *Ditto, ditto, from E flat to D*:—7, 5, 3, on B flat—5, 3, (minor) on E flat—7, 5, 3, (major) on E flat—6 (sharp), 5, 3, on E flat—6, 4, on D—5, 3, (major) on D.

The laws and rules of every science have their fixed nomenclature, and most assuredly, it does not become any musician who lays claim to reputation in his art, to attempt to repudiate what has hitherto been conventionally assented to by the most learned and eminent men of all ages; unless he is fully prepared to put forward the most convincing arguments in support of his dissentient opinion; and that I apprehend no attentive reader can or will say Mr. Molineux has done. The discussion of this question in your paper, first originated, I believe, from a desire to elucidate, with clearness and precision, disputable matter, for the edification and instruction of the professional tyro; but I confess hitherto, confusion appears to have been added to chaos in most of the endeavours to dilate upon it. Still I am not without hope, for the credit of the art, to see the matter more perspicuously treated, and eventually brought to a more satisfactory conclusion; but it cannot be accomplished by mere attempts to mystify the subject with sublimated and uninstructional calculations upon the logarithms of sound—still less by a discursive flight into the regions of the third and fourth heavens and certain musings upon asterism—all of which matters have no relativeness whatever to the point at issue—the essential establishment of the enharmonic genus in music.

Your's,

AMICUS.

Provincial Intelligence.

LIVERPOOL.—The second full dress concert of the Philharmonic Society took place in the Collegiate Institution, on Thursday evening. The attendance was fashionable and numerous. The principal performers were Herr Staudigl, who is already known to Liverpool, and Madlle. Schloss, a prima donna from Berlin, who has made a successful debut in London this season. Signor Corelli, from Her Majesty's Theatre, was announced, but, from some circumstance, not explained, did not appear. Signor Sanelli undertook to supply his place. The other lion of the evening was Mr. Carte, a performer on the flute. The concert commenced with Mendelssohn's Overture to "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," which was played in a creditable manner, and loudly applauded. A madrigal, by Morley, 1595, by the chorus, followed and pleased exceedingly. Herr Staudigl sang an aria (in German) by Mozart, which was loudly encored. Mr. Carte gave a fantasia on the Boehm flute, with variations by Nicholson. He evinced a perfect acquaintance with the difficulties of his instrument, was listened to with the greatest attention, and at the conclusion was

deservedly applauded, both by the audience and the band. Madlle. Schloss sang a scena and aria from *Der Freischutz* with great dramatic feeling; she was flatteringly received. The celebrated trio from Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, "*Zitti, zitti*," was beautifully given by Staudigl Madlle. Schloss, and Sanelli, which latter was also tolerably successful in "*Il mio tesoro*." As compensation for the disappointment experienced by the non-appearance of Corelli, Schubert's "*Der Wanderer*" was given by Staudigl. A chorus from Beethoven's "*Ruins of Athens*" completed the first part. Mozart's Overture to "*Idomeneo*" commenced the second part. "*Les Hirondelles*," by Felicien David, whose "*Desert*" has created such a conflict of hostile opinions, in Paris and London, was to have been sung by Corelli, instead of which Staudigl gave the scena from Spohr's "*Faust*." Mr. Carte again appeared, and performed Drouet's variations on the huntsman's chorus, in "*Der Freischutz*;" his performance in this difficult piece, which he executed with great skill and ease, excited the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch, and obtained an unanimous encore. Madlle. Schloss followed in two German songs, the first of which met with an encore. Staudigl then sang (by desire) the recitative and air from Handel's "*Acis and Galatea*," one of his most popular performances; an encore followed as a matter of course. Madlle. Schloss gave a serenade by Schubert, (not in the programme) in a pleasing manner, which was followed by a terzetto from "*Lucrezia Borgia*," which did not much excite attention. Benedict's "*Rage thou angry Storm*," by Staudigl, who was ably accompanied by the band, followed. A second chorus from Beethoven's "*Ruins of Athens*" completed the concert, which was one of the most brilliant that has taken place. Since writing the above, we have been given to understand that Signor Sanelli was labouring under indisposition.—(*Liverpool Chronicle and General Advertiser*.)

MANCHESTER.—At the gentlemen's concert of Monday evening last, Madlle. Schloss and Herr Staudigl afforded high gratification; both these artistes were "in good voice," and performed with skill and expression. Madlle. Schloss sang "*Robert, toi que j'aime*," with well varied expression. She also gave, in the second part, some German songs. Herr Staudigl sang the scena from Spohr's *Faust*, beginning from the recitative, "*Wie ist mir!*" including the air, "*Blöder Thor!*" his delivery of which was highly dramatic. He also sang, "*Der Wanderer*," "*Der Monch*," and "*Oh, ruddier than the berry*." The duet, "*Bella Imago*," from Rossini's *Semiramide*, was charmingly given by Madlle. Schloss and Herr Staudigl; Signor Corelli being unable to be present, Signor Sanelli undertook to supply his place. He sang the Romanza, "*Una furtiva lagrima*." M. Carte performed two compositions on the Boehm flute—the first by Nicholson, the other by Drouet. In the latter piece he was encored. He has considerable facility and command over the difficulties of the instrument, and his performance afforded much pleasure. The overture to *Egmont* was well performed by the orchestra. "*Les deux Journées*," of Cherubini, opened the second part; and the overture to *Tancredi* formed the coda of the concert.—(*Manchester Guardian*.)

BATH.—Mr. and Mrs. Millar gave their last Soiree Musicale, on Wednesday, March 26th, at their residence. The programme was as follows:—

Terzetto.—Mrs. Millar, Mrs. B. Penley, and Mr. Millar	Mozart.
"Gia fan ritorno."	
Irish Melody.—Mr. Millar.—"Believe me if all those endearing young charms."	Moore.
Glee.—"See our barque."	Sir J. Stevenson.
Piano-forte.—Mr. Henry Field.—"Fantaisie sur La Sirene"	Herr.
Song.—Mrs. Millar.—"Auld Robin Gray."	Rev. R. Leedes.
Solo.—Mr. Millar, and Chorus.—(from Oberon).—"For thee hath beauty."	Weber.

PART II.

Recit. ed Aria.—Mrs. Millar.—"Chi per pietà."	Aria, "Ah! parlate."	Cimarosa.
Song.—Mr. Pyne.—		
Piano-forte.—Mr. Henry Field.—"Fantaisie della Lucia"		Dohler.
Aria.—Mrs. B. Penley.—"Ah tu sai."		Gabussi.
Duetto.—Mr. & Mrs. Millar.—(from Don Carlos).—"Ah forse quest'istante."		Costa.
Duetto.—Mr. Millar and Mrs. B. Penley.—"As it fell upon a day."		Sir H. R. Bishop.
Glee.—"The Silver Queen."		Sir H. R. Bishop.

DERBY.—The last concert for the season of the "Choral Society" took place on Friday evening at the new Assembly Rooms, to a crowded attendance. The programme, though it presented no novelty, was excellent, and the band, though not so numerous as usual, executed the overtures, accompaniments, &c., in a superior manner. The instrumental pieces were Cherubini's "*Lodoiska*," Weber's "*Jubilee*," Mozart's "*Idomeneo*," and Haydn's "*Military Sinfonia*," but only the two first movements of the latter were played. Mr. Glover led the band with his usual talent. The choruses were given with effect, especially in

Handel's "Coronation Anthem." Miss Houghton sang "Eve's Lamentation" with great taste. This young lady is a great favourite at these concerts. Mr. Drew, a superior tenor singer, gave "Ye Men of Judah" in good style. Miss Bedford sang "Oh, Araby, dear Araby," and "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure." The latter was encored. Mr. Hawkridge was applauded in the "Song of the Night," as was also Miss Houghton in the "Hunter of Tyrol." A glee, "Maying," by Messrs. Hardy, Drew, Hawkridge, and Lowe, was exceedingly well given. This performance terminated the twenty-eighth season, and we are glad to say the society is in a flourishing state.—(*Derby Mercury*.)

MUSIC AT BOSTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

On Monday evening, April 21st, Mr. Henry Phillips gave his farewell concert, at the Melodeon. And it was gratifying to find that he was successful, not only in preparing an excellent musical entertainment for his company, and making it productive of pleasure to his audience, but that it was productive, in a pecuniary point of view, to himself, and productive of respect for his professional ability. There were, probably, about six hundred persons present: among them, many of our citizens, distinguished for their admiration of the old English school of music. It was a proper compliment which they paid to a gentleman, deservedly distinguished, in his own country, for his musical attainments, and who had been so well and so warmly received, under our usually cold New England climes. The programme of Mr. Phillips was prepared exclusively from his own manuscript compositions. We had before heard one or two of them with pleasure: but the most of them were new. The principal and leading pieces in the bill have been written by him since he came to this country, and are intended, not merely as characteristic songs, but as reminiscences, which he will carry to "merry England," to be called up, when he shall think of the friends and kindness he has found in the United States, and nowhere more heartily than in Boston. "The Bells of New York," "Niagara," "The Bear Hunt," and "Pleasant Ohio," are the *graphic musical sketches* to which the prefix, *American*, belongs. At the concert, "The Bear Hunt" was the leading thing for effect. There is, particularly, a fine preparation of music on the words, "Be silent, my boys," followed by an explosive note on B flat, on the word "*fire*," which was startling. There is another passage, rising in semitones, descriptive of the successive shots, which is effective. The close of this "Grand Scena" is made in the style of English ballad, with judgment. The "Sea Fight" was also an effective "Grand Scena," differently constructed in accompaniment, and may be generally preferred. We regretted that "Niagara" could not be given with the orchestral accompaniments, as intended. At the close of the performances, Mr. Phillips was called for by the audience. He made an appropriate address, acknowledging the kindness he had received in Boston, and that he should always carry the grateful recollection with him.

As Mr. Phillips is to return from the Provinces, and take the steamer at this port for England, it would be gratifying if he would give a concert, in which some of the old standard songs of England should be introduced. Why not some of Dibdin's? Probably there is not a singer living, who could so well present their peculiar style, as Mr. Phillips. In a little while, and not one of the old school of English song will remain. Perhaps there is no place in the world where that school is so highly regarded, at the present time, as in New England. We, therefore, think he must succeed.

The late calamitous fire, at Pittsburg, which is creating a strong sympathy among our citizens, and causing the most energetic measures to be taken in this city, for the relief of the sufferers, seems to have produced a general desire to aid them. Mr. Henry Phillips has signified that if the Handel and Haydn Societies will get up the oratorio of *Samson*, or any other musical entertainment, he will cheerfully give his gratuitous services on the occasion.—The offer is a liberal one; and, for such a kind purpose, the Melodeon might be filled in every part.

(Our correspondent is an American—which may account for his eccentric notions of *music*.—Ed. M. W.)

Miscellaneous.

A NEW MODE OF GIVING CONCERTS.—At Liverpool, Mr. H. V. Lewis proposes giving a series of concerts, which he denominates "Invisible Amateur Concerts," (from the performers being unobserved by the audience) the object being to bring forward and foster the musical amateur talent of the town.—(*Liverpool Mail*.)

THE PRINCIPLES OF HARMONY.—An experiment related by Tartini, places the principles of harmony in a strong light: place two hautboys in perfect harmony together, at a few paces distant from each other, then advancing exactly in the middle between them, cause them to play in a full sonorous manner various chords, and you will hear, besides the sounds of the instruments, a third one perfectly distinct, and which will be more or less powerful, in proportion to the more or less harmony that may exist between the two sounds.

MASTER RICHARD HOFFMAN ANDREWS from Manchester has arrived in town, and will shortly play in public, on the pianoforte selections from the works of Thalberg, Buddeus, Meyer, &c. He is highly spoken of by many of our first professors, though not fourteen years of age.

Vauxhall.—Among the things most worthy observation at this establishment, is a dioramic picture representing the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, with its sparkling fountains, amphitheatrically-placed terraces, and lofty cypresses (the tallest known in Europe). At a small distance is the villa of Mæcenas, the patron of Virgil—and the Sabine Hills. Further removed is the campagne of Rome, and the small villages of San Giovanni and Montecelli. The scene is viewed through a colonnade decorated with sculptures and rich fresco paintings, after the great Italian masters. The whole is beautifully painted by Mr. John Macfarren, an artist, who, if he carry out his present promise, may one day be another Stanfield.

MR. OSBORNE, the well-known pianist and composer, has arrived in town from Paris.

PHILHARMONIC.—The fifth concert on Monday evening promises to be unusually brilliant. The symphonies are Beethoven in F (No. 8.), and Mendelssohn in A (No. 2)—one much too seldom heard. Spohr's overture to *Faust* is to be one of the overtures—we trust, in all earnestness, there will be two. Mr. W. Sterndale Bennett will play a concerto of Mozart, which fact alone would make the concert attractive, since no living pianist is a more thorough master of such sterling and uncompromising music. Herr Staudigl and Herr Oberhoffer will be among the singers.

THE DISTIN FAMILY had the honour of playing before Her Majesty, for the fourth time, on Friday evening, at the soirée of the Duchess of Kent.

THE CHORAL FUND.—This excellent institution, whose object is the relief of aged and decayed musicians, their widows, and orphans, gives its annual concert to-morrow evening, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The artistes who have granted their assistance are, Madame Dorus Gras, Mademoiselle Schloss, the Misses Pyne, Miss Sabilla Novello, and Miss Maria B. Hawes; Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Machin, Mr. J. Machin, Mr. J. Calkin, Herrn Pischeck and Staudigl. The Instrumental department will be occupied by Mademoiselle Judine and Mr. Moscheles on the Piano-Forte, and the Distin Family, with a numerous band and chorus, under the direction of Sir Henry R. Bishop, Messrs Loder and G. F. Harris.—(*Olivier's Concert Journal.*)

MR. WILSON, the popular Scottish vocalist, has postponed his entertainments for a short period, in consequence of serious indisposition. They will, we seriously trust, be very shortly resumed. Mr. Wilson is too popular with the public to be long spared.

MADAME DORUS GRAS.—In our recent allusion to the farewell benefit of this vocalist, we stated the receipts to have been 1800 francs—it should have been 18,000, as would be sufficiently manifest to most of our readers.

MISS BIRCH and Vieuxtemps are engaged by the Anacreontic Society, in Dublin. Miss Birch has already started, and will take a Liverpool concert by the way. Vieuxtemps leaves on Saturday.

MADAME HORTENSE MAILLARD, a vocalist of first rate eminence, has arrived in London, from Paris.

GREENWICH.—A concert took place in the Lecture Hall, on Monday evening. Several glees and madrigals were sung. Mr. Kiallmark performed Thalberg's *Sonnambula* fantasia on the pianoforte, and Mr. Richardson a solo on the flute. The principal vocalists were the Misses Williams, who sang Clement White's duet, "Tell, sister, tell," in charming style, and with the greatest applause. Miss Anne Williams also gave the ballad of the "Grecian Daughter" in a refined and artistic manner. A new MS. song, by Clement White, to some exquisite verses, by the talented author of the "*Provost of Bruges*," was beautifully rendered by Miss Martha Williams, who, in addition to the most faultless intonation, displayed a fund of pathos and feeling. We are glad to be able to enrich our pages with the verses, which are a model of lyric perfection:—

Lov'd by thee, no shade of sorrow
E'er can reach this heart of mine;
Darkest skies would glory borrow
From a single smile of thine.

Love me still then, and undying
In this breast its joy shall be;
Care and fear alike defying,
While it whispers—lov'd by thee.

MOSCHELES gives his first matinée of classical chamber music, this morning, at No. 76, Harley Street. One of the features will be a concerto of Sebastian Bach, hitherto unknown in England. Miss Sophia Dulcken and Miss Binckes have each their concert for this evening.

MUSICAL MONARCHS.—We are told by a newspaper paragraph that among the *souvenirs* Rubini carries away with him from St. Petersburg is a crown of massive gold, inlaid with eight or ten brilliants of immense value. What on earth can Rubini be going to do with this crown? He can't wear it in the streets, nor can he put it on to go to a party in. Perhaps he is in treaty for some petty German state, which he purposes buying out and out, subjects, revenues, and all; in which case he will want a crown in the way of business as an appendage to his sovereignty. We know that German kingdoms are sometimes very cheap, and may be had for a mere song—which Rubini could at any time give—while the "coming in" is seldom very expensive, for it is only necessary to take the fixtures, including the throne, at a valuation, and pay something in the way of good-will to the out-going sovereign. A German principality may be had for about the price of a good London milk-walk, and Rubini being about to retire may be on the look-out for a cheap and eligible throne to spend the remainder of his days in that style of pasteboard dignity which his triumphant career as a vocalist must have made him accustomed to.—(*Punch.*)

MADAME ANNA THILLON.—We regret to hear that the indisposition of this lady still continues, and that at present great uncertainty prevails as to the day on which she will again be in a situation to appear before the public. Her medical attendant, Mr. Yearsley, is of opinion that if she progresses as favorably towards recovery as she has hitherto done, she may possibly act on Wednesday next. The daily announcements of her appearance in the *Enchantress* are much to be deplored both for her own sake and that of the management.—(*Morning Post.*)

MADAME PANORMO'S Vocal Lecture Lesson at Blagrove's concert room, on the 14th (Wednesday morning), was attended principally by amateur ladies. The lady lecturer explained the causes of defects in vocalization generally, with which her audience seemed highly interested; she related some amusing anecdotes, which conveyed a clear idea of the absurdities of vocal amateurs; and concluded by a quotation from the late *Musical Examiner*, respecting the song of "Let the bright seraphim." Mr. N. W. Gould played on the guitar several pieces with variations; he appears to be a thorough master of his instrument. These pieces were encored. A fantasia, on airs from *William Tell*, presented some very original passages.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER is engaged to play at the sixth Philharmonic concert. He will probably give us Weber's *Concertstück* in the first part, and a fantasia (*solo*) in the second.

MISS DOLBY.—This popular vocalist has provided an excellent bill of fare for her evening concert, on Thursday, June 3, in the Hanover Square rooms. The vocalists include Miss Birch, Madame Albertazzi, Miss Rainforth, Mdlle. Rüpel, Miss Messent, Mesdames Seguin, J. Rodwell, Messrs. Stretton, Novello, Seguin, Calkin, Lockey, Herr Oberhoffer, and John Parry. Not the least of the vocal attractions will be found in the fair concert-giver's own efforts to please her friends. The instrumental department is equally strong. Mr. Sterndale Bennett, with four eminent instrumentalists, will execute the beautiful quintet of Beethoven, in E flat, for piano and wind instruments. M. Vieuxtemps will perform a violin concerto, and Mr. J. Thomas and R. Blagrove, solos on the harp and concertina. The excellent pianist, Mr. W. Dorrell, will be the accompanist for the evening.

THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—We are delighted to hear that Mr. Edward Loder's opera, the libretto founded on the subject of *Giselle*, is at length in preparation at the above-named theatre. Our advocacy of the claims of English musicians to be heard, by their works, in our English operatic theatres, is too well known to need repetition. We have strong faith in the opinion that Mr. Maddox will find his interest lies in following up the production of *Giselle* by the performance of other operas from the pens of many of our *untried* musicians. For the musical works of Edward Loder we entertain a high regard, and doubt not that the public, by the success of *Giselle*, of which we feel certain, will be at length compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Original Opera to vamped hashes of the worn-out Italian Repertory, to which they have been so long accustomed. To "The Princesses" we are indebted for our knowledge of the charming Anna Thillon. Madlle. Nau is to be the heroine of *Giselle*—and from what we saw and heard of her in the *Syren* last season, we augur the most brilliant success. She is an accomplished singer and an excellent actress. Mr. Allen will be the *tenor*—Mr. Leffler the *bass*—and we understand that the whole operatic strength of the company will be called into action by *Giselle*, to which we wish all possible success. We are also informed that an opera, by Macfarren, has been accepted by the lessee—and another by Howard Glover, son of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Glover.

BALFE'S ENCHANTRESS.—We postpone our notice of this opera until its resumption. Mad. Thillon has written the following letter to Mr. Bunn:—

Portland Hotel, May 20, 1845.

My dear Sir,
It is impossible to express the regret I feel for the inconvenience to which I have unavoidably subjected you, as well as for any disappointment to the public, by whom I have been so generously received. I am however happy to announce to you my gradual recovery, and that I shall be quite prepared to appear on Friday next.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very truly,

ANNA THILLON.

To Alfred Bunn, Esq., Drury Lane Theatre.

MR. WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE.—This pianist has announced a concert, in the Hanover Square Rooms, for Monday evening, June 2, which presents considerable attractions. Among the vocalists are—Madame Dorus Gras, Miss Dolby, Herr Pischek, Signor Mecatti, and Signor Marras. Vieuxtemps will take the violin, and Wallace the piano. The concert will be short and sweet—as every good musical entertainment should be. The audience have a fair chance of being delighted, without being in any degree fatigued—a desideratum not sufficiently considered by the majority of concert-givers.

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.—The C minor (No. 5), the E flat (No. 10), and the A minor (No. 12), the greatest of all, were the quartets at the last *seance*, Sivioli led the first and last, Vieuxtemps the second. Rousselot and Hill were at their usual posts. The ensemble was perfection.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Subscriptions Received:—Messrs. ABEL—G. VICKERS—H. FARMER—SCHWAB—CHAULIEU—JULES DE GLIMES—MOSCHELES—J. WYLDE—SCHNIBLIE—W. SEGUIN—ARMSTRONG—LAIDLAW—C. KLITZ—TREAKELL—SIMPSON—S. S. THOMPSON—E. G. MONK—BINFIELD—SCHICKLE—STUMPF—HARRIS—F. SECOND—H. WYLDE—ANGEL—C. BARRETT—MILLAR—CASTELDINI—MRS. GEN. TOLLEY—MISSIS BINFIELD—BENTLEY—NEWBY.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARD'S Concert will be noticed in our next.

MR. SALAMAN'S, SIGNOR BRIZZI'S, and MR. MÜHLENFELDT'S concerts next time.

* Several subscribers who write to us that they have paid up to Xmas. last, and up to Lady-day, 1845, are respectfully informed that a QUARTER IN ADVANCE up to June, 1845, is now due; and, if they wish to continue their subscription to the MUSICAL WORLD, it must be transmitted forthwith.

Advertisements.

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Has the honor to announce that his

GRAND CONCERT

Will take place on TUESDAY MORNING, JUNE 3, at Two o'clock precisely.

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MAD. EUGENIE GARCIA.

MISS MESSENT

AND

THE MISSES WILLIAMS.

SIGNOR BRIZZI

AND

HERR STAUDIGL.

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Corno—SIGNOR PUZZI.

Harp—MONS. GODEFROID.

Conductor—SIGNOR BENEDICT.

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4me Ballade, Op. 52, 4s. 8me Polonoise, Op. 53, 3s. 6d. 4me Scherzo, Op. 54, 3s. 2 Nocturnes, Op. 55, 3s. 6d. 9th Set of Mazurkas, Op. 56, 4s. 6d.

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THE MISSES A. AND M. WILLIAMS.
 The Words by DESMOND RYAN. The Music by CLEMENT WHITE.

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 Oxford Street, London, and to be had of every music seller in town and country.

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Has the honour to announce that he has succeeded in purchasing of M. Maretzek the EXCLUSIVE COPYRIGHT of the whole of the MUSIC of the above CELEBRATED DANSEUSES, who, after experiencing one of the most extraordinary and successful careers throughout the continental cities, are every evening received at Her Majesty's Theatre by a united assemblage of rank and fashion, with an enthusiasm quite unparalleled. In order that no delay should occur in issuing the above Music to his patrons, M. Jullien, by the aid of a new and extensive establishment, has made arrangements for the pieces performed each evening to be published immediately. The Pas de Fleurs, as well as the other Dances, may now therefore be obtained of M. Jullien, 214, Regent Street, and of all respectable Music-sellers.

The Repertoire of the Danseuses Viennoises consists of Pas de Caractère, Danse de Salon, Valse, Mazurka, and Pas d'Ensemble, in all Thirty-two pieces, the whole of which M. Jullien has purchased of the composer, M. Maretzek, and will publish each piece the day after it appears at Her Majesty's Theatre.
 214, Regent Street, 1845.

Shortly will be Published, Price 3s. 6d.,

VALSE-MAZURKA,

FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

COMPOSED

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THE HARP.**MR. H. J. TRUST,****Professor of the Harp,**

(Pupil of N. C. Bochsa) and recently Conductor of the Music and Harpist to the Italian Opera Company of the Havannah, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has returned to England to resume his profession as Teacher of the Harp. For terms apply at his residence, No. 29, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET. The highest references will be given.

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A bumper to the fair	Parry	2 3
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Clorinda, false, adieu 4 ditto	Ditto	1 6
Come, lovers, follow me 4 ditto	Ditto	2 6
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Hark, jolly shepherds 4 ditto	Ditto	1 6
Ho! who comes here 4 ditto	Ditto	2 6
Hence, smiling mischief	Hargreaves	2 6
Italian herdman's song 4 voices	East	2 6
In dew of roses 4 ditto	Morley	1 6
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Just like love 3 voices	Davy & Novello	2 6
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Lullaby 3 or 4 ditto	Storace & Novello	2 0
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Lady, if I through grief 3 ditto	Ditto	1 6
Lady, why grieve you still 4 ditto	Ditto	1 0
Let happy lovers	Staf. Smith	2 0
Lines on music	C. Stokes	2 0
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Morley's 40 madrigals and canzonets, for 3 and 4 voices, edited by Holland and Cooke		31 6
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IN THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

VOCALISTS.

MADAME DORUS GRAS, Miss HOBBS, AND Miss DOLBY.
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INSTRUMENTALISTS.

PIANOFORTE **MR. W. V. WALLACE.**
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WILL TAKE PLACE

ON TUESDAY, JUNE THE 3RD, 1845,

TO COMMENCE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK PRECISELY,

When she will be assisted by the following eminent Artists.

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MISS BIRCH AND MADAME ALBERTAZZI,
MRS. W. H. SEGUIN, MRS. RODWELL,
MISS MESSENT, MRS. RUPEL, MISS DOLBY, AND MISS RAINFORTH.

HERR OBERHOFFER, MR. STRETTON,

MR. LOCKEY, AND MR. J. A. NOVELLO,
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MR. HENRY RUSSELLWill give his VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT, on TUESDAY EVENING, May
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I'm Afloat—Life on the Ocean Wave—Woodman, spare that Tree—Ship on Fire—
The Slave Ship—Life Boat—Old Daniel Tucker—The Maniac, &c. &c.**KIRKMAN AND SON'S FONDA PIANOFORTE**Will be used on the occasion. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Tickets,
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MR. AND MRS. SCHWAB'S**ANNUAL GRAND DRESS CONCERT,**

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1845, to commence at half-past Seven o'clock precisely.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

Solo and Chorus, "Ben vieni," (Euryanthe) Misses Birch, Barrett, Messent, Pyne,
and L. Pyne, Messrs. Handel Gear, Frank H. Bodda, &c. &c.; Weber.—Song,
"Revenge," Herr Staudigl; Hatton.—Duet, "The Brigand," (Crown Diamonds)
Misses Pyne and L. Pyne; Auber.—Song, "The Wanderer," Mr. Wetherbee;
Schubert.—Scena and Cavatina, "Ernani," Miss Birch; Verdi.—Duet for two
Pianos, "Homage to Handel," Mr. and Mrs. Schwab; Moscheles.—Domestic Scene,
"Matrimony," John Parry."When the heart of a man is oppress'd with care,
The mist is dispelled if a woman appear!"

Written by P. Powell, Esq.—sung by Mr. John Parry.

Aria, "Stanca di più," Miss Barrett; Mariani.—Solo, Harp, Mr. J. Balair Chatter-
ton; Chatterton.—Romanza, "Ah non avar," (Maria di Rohan.) Mr. Frank H.
Bodda; Donizetti.—Duet, "O du Gellebte," Miss Birch and Herr Staudigl; Otto
Nicolai.—Solo, Violin, Mr. Thirlwall; De Beriot.—Song, "Tschernkewitsches lied
von Kücken," Mr. Oberhofer (First Vocalist to H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Baden).
—Song, "Oh, ruddier than the cherry," Herr Staudigl; Handel.—Duet, "Giorno
d'orrore," (Semiramide) Misses Pyne and L. Pyne; Rossini.

PART II.

Two Choruses, "Hope and Charity," by Twelve Ladies, Solo Parts by Miss Birch;
Rossini.—Grand Brilliant Polonaise, Mr. and Mrs. Schwab; Chopin.—Cavatina,
"Summer, Oh sweet summer," Miss Messent; Horn.—Air, "In diesen heiligen
Hallén," Herr Staudigl; Mozart.—Cavatina, "All care to air bestowing," (Robert
le Diable), Miss Rainforth; Meyerbeer.—Duet, "Sul campo della gloria," (Belisario)
Messrs. Handel Gear and Stretton; Donizetti.—Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Hausmann;
Hausmann.—Cavatina, "O luce di quest'anima," (Linda di Chamounix), Miss Birch;
Donizetti.—Ballad from "The Enchantress," Mr. Harrison; Balfe.—Solo, Flute,
Mr. Downe; Nicholson.—Song, "Farewell to the mountain," Mr. Stretton; Bar-
nett.—Trío, "Di tanti risi e popoli," (Semiramide), Miss Birch, Mr. Harrison, and
Herr Staudigl; Rossini.

CONDUCTOR—MR. MOSCHELES.

Tickets, 3s. each. Reserved Seats, 5s. Stalls, 7s. 6d.

The Words of the Songs, &c., are printed, and may be had of Mr. Schwab, 26, Great
Turner Street, London Hospital, and in the Room.**WILSON'S SCOTTISH ENTERTAINMENTS.**

Mr. Wilson is sorry to be obliged, by severe indisposition, to

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For a few days.

47, Gower-street, May 20, 1845.

MR. JOHN PARRY'S**ANNUAL CONCERT**

Will take place

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Eminent talent, both Vocal and Instrumental, will appear. Tickets, reserved
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Thillon 2 0
When Slumber's Pinions o'er me play, or, I love her as the Heaven I love,
ballad, Mr. Harrison 2 0
The Young Nadir-Sicillienne, Madame Thillon 2 6
She loves him, ballad, Mr. Borran 2 0
When this enchantment I behold, song, Mr. Harrison 2 0
Oh, hither plume thy wing, cavatina, Mr. Harrison 3 0In the Press.—All the remaining Songs, Duets, and various arrangements for the
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The following arrangements are already out:—

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